

A Mad Crue ; Or, That shall be tryde.
To the tune 'of, Pudding-Pye Doll.



VValking of late through London streets,
A crue of good-fellows together meets,
Not one of them sober, if not belyde,
Well, quoth the Maulman, that shall be tryde.

From thence I tranel'd, to see a new Play,
Whereas an old Whiddow in gailant array,
Sate pleasantly smirking, like a yong Wids,
Well, quoth the Fiddler, that shall be tryde,

Then to a Tobacco-house, smoking hots
I went, and call'd for my Pipe and my Pot,
The Weed was strong, but hardly well dyde,
Well, quoth the Horse-courser, that shall be tryde.

The Market of Cheape, I saine would then see,
Where soone a fine Cut-purse bnmoynd me,
And ventur'd a lopnt, to Tybourne to ride,
Well, quoth the Hangman, now that shall be tryde.

I afterward went, and toke by mine Inne,
Where as I found out, an Aunt of my kinne,
Who feared no lashing, though all were espyde,
Well, quoth the Beadle, now that shall be tryde.

I met with a Gallant, that sold all his Land,
And after tooke money by, bonnd by Band,
Who when the day came, the payment denyde,
Well, qu. the Sergeant, now that shall be tryde.

I saine would then see a close Botling Alley,
Where to a fine Cheater, I payd for my folly,
His flights were so nimble, they could not be spyde
Well, quoth lustice too-good, that shall be tryde.

Where Fields being pleasant, the same I would see,
Where Waiids of our City, stil whiting cloathes be,
For forty weekes after, my lone I there tyde.
Well, quoth the Midwife, now that shall be tryde.

I went to Pye-Corner, to looke for my Dinner,
Where dining with smoke, it made me look thinner,
The reckoning being call'd for, the same I denyde,
Well, quoth the Cooke, now that shall be tryde.

And then in Smithfield I bought me a Podge,
Where of all the soure, not halfe a good legge,
Being tyde to the Spanger, he left me his Wyde,
Well, qu. the Beareward, now that shall be tryde.

A Suite of good Battin I made me as then,
Where as sue yards were stole out of ten,
And soure of the others at last were denyd.
Well, quoth the Broker, now that shall be tryde.

I met then a Collier, that sold me good Coales,
Where two, of soure Buttsels, ran out at the holes,
Yet more then full measure, the Collier still cryde,
Well, quoth the Pillory, that shall be tryde.

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The second Part.

To the same tune.



Great store of good liquor the Thames doth contain,
Whereof the old Saltman doth greatly complain,
That in the hot Kettle, the Spout will not bide.
Well, quoth the Brewer, now that shall be tryde.

The Carrier that trauels by night very late,
When some Ale hath quelled the strength of his pate,
Without either money, or wit, he may ride,
Well, quoth the Thiefe, now that shall be tryde.

A Wench of plaine dealing, makes vse of her owne,
The Needles of W; forwell her Shoulders haue known,
The rod of correction, she will not abide,
Well, quoth Meg merry-tricks, that shall be tryde.

The good man, that leadeth a cumberfome life,
Where no day he escapeth the fist of his wife:
And being thus beaten, his neighbour must ride.
Well, quoth the Milke-wife, now that shall be tryde.

The Good wife, that wasteth her Fate vnto naught,
In gaydy apparell her husband hath bought,
Pay walke like a Peacock, her hands by her side,
Well, quoth the Cuckold, now that shall be tryde.

He that his garments will patrone for good Ale,
And at his pooze wife like a Drunkard will raile,
Pay aspylly goe naked, without any pryde,
Well, quoth the Begger, now that shall be tryde.

She that a house and a charge will maintaine,
Yet will not for lazynesse take any paine,
Pay like a Sow fatten, that is slythly fyde.
Well, quoth the Drunkard, now that shall be tryde.

She that by scolding still payes all her debts,
To the ease of her belly, soze sicke of the frets,
Pay gallantly on the Cucking-stoole ride,
Well, quoth the Oyster-wench, that shall be tryde.

He that each morning will call for his quart
At the Labour in Vaine, to comfort his heart,
Pay feare no ill fauours, that Night-men abide.
Well, quoth the lokes-Farmer, that shall be tryde.

Now those that my Ditty will kindly regard,
A Pipe of Tobacco shall haue for reward,
With a Cup of Old Sherry, well sugar'd beside,
Well, quoth the Ballad-singer, that shall be tryde.

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